

JULY
1995

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JOY AROUND NECK COMIKS



\$3.95

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



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"OK— Up against the wall. Hands in the air. Freeze. I've been waiting a long time for this, so listen up suckers, I won't be saying it twice. First off— give me you undying love and devotion for all eternity. Now I don't mean no Whitman's Sampler, John-Boy Walton, spray the Bactine and kiss Mr. Boo-boo goodbye. I mean UNCONDITIONAL ACCEPTANCE of every fiber of my fresh, yet tragically flawed little soul. No matter *what*. 'Cause I'm not gonna be a nice guy. Get used to that. I'm gonna puke on you, crap on you, pee on you and sneeze on you and all combinations thereof. Not just once, or sometimes, but thousands of times and in so many glorious multi-hued variations that entire grave yards of post-Impressionists will spontaneously re-animate and applaud in their rotting smocks. I'm gonna eat your food, suck your fluids, and scream your name in the night for years on end, without even the slightest expression of gratitude let alone acknowledgement that it could ever be any other way. I'm going to reorder your entire existences in so many insidious ways as to functionally render you my personal financial slaves for life. Playskool hibachis. Daycare. Polaroid film. \$185 character-endorsed yachting thongs. Woodwind lessons. Festive bunting. MFAs. Maybe a nose job if I wind up looking too much like you. The sheer overall cost in *postage* alone will have you working your despised jobs a cumulative lifetime total of 16 months. I don't need to remind you how many bed & breakfast weekends in Cape May that will erase. And get this: before it's all over I'll have rejected every one of your goals, values, ideologies and deeply-held beliefs utterly out of hand, whether it's in my best interest or not. And there's nothing you will be able to do to dissuade the entire world from the conviction that every one of my mildest inadequacies is ultimately ALL YOUR FAULT! But the best part will be this: you'll utterly convince yourself that you actually CHERISH EVERY HELLISH MINUTE OF IT ALL! So let's get moving. Now. I want my baa-baa."



27-30 COLLIER

2-12 SALA

13-17 ALTEGOTT

40-47 STEARN

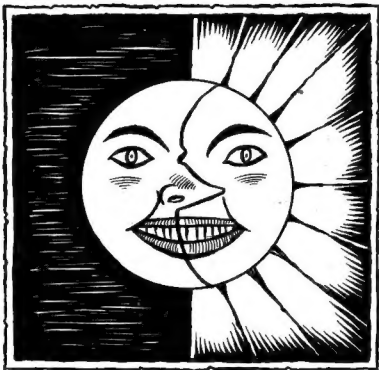
21-26 ANDERSSON

18-20 WILLIAMSON

31-34 HEAD

35-39 STACK

NEWGARDEN



the Chuckling Whatsit

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Previously ~

At the windmill studio of Emile Jarnac, Doctor Vogardus makes a strange discovery. Fifteen years later, writer Broom accepts a position as a replacement for the recently deceased "Venus", astrology columnist for the Guardian. Unbeknownst to him, he is observed as he enters the late astrologer's apartment, where he finds a mysterious girl searching the place. Meanwhile, a mad killer is haunting the city...







My name is Abigail Aberdevine.
I'm a student and Research
assistant at Lone Mountain College.



Last month a retired professor
hired me ~ privately ~ to research
an obscure "outsider artist" who
died about fifteen years ago.



There's not much written about this guy ~ Jarnac is his name ~ but
his work is highly regarded in certain circles. Most of what's known
about him is based on an article written about ten years ago by
a reporter named Cyril Root.



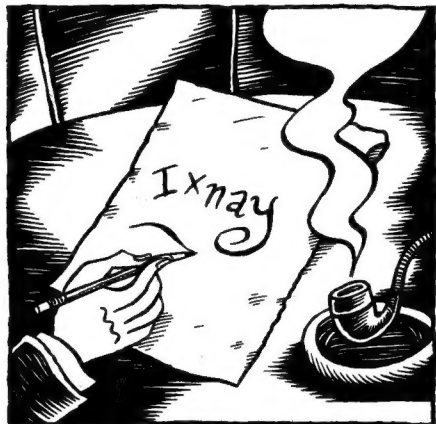
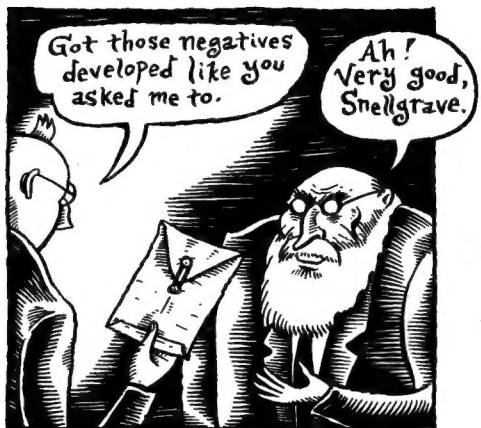
That reporter supposedly dug
up a lot of fascinating stuff
about Jarnac which he planned
to publish as a book.

So what
does all this
have to do
with you being
in Venus'
apartment?



Well, before he started writing
that astrology column, Venus
had been a respected journalist
by the name of Cyril Root.







~ but when I heard he was dead
I figured I'd better act fast.
The guy who hired me ~ he's
paying me extremely well ~
and he really wants results.

But no
manuscript,
huh?

No. But I found this note. Since
you were one of Root's friends,
maybe you can tell me who these
people are.

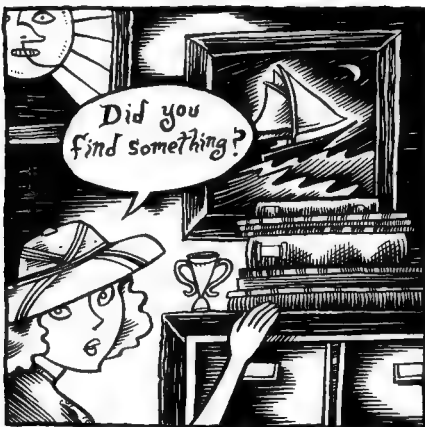
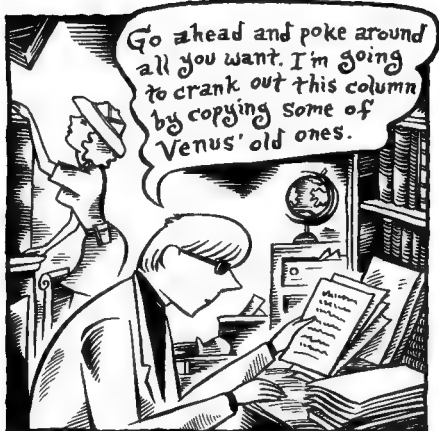
Well ~ I wasn't a friend of his ~ but, yes, I know these names.
They're all hack writers, like your guy Root ~ or like me, for
that matter, since I'm supposed to take over the Venus column.
Speaking of which ~ I've got stuff to do and I really can't get
anymore involved in this.

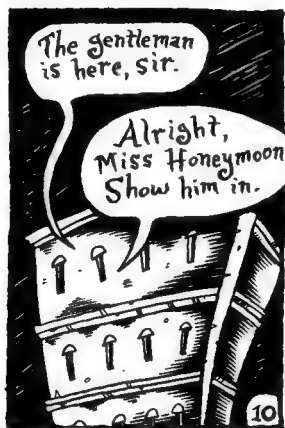
wait.

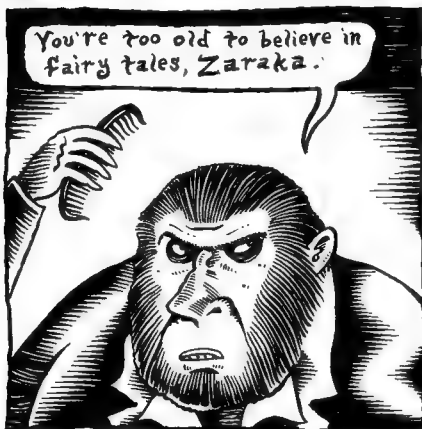
crow
meeting on
Tuesday 6-8
with members
Stan for Helen
Pittman for
Adrian was
attending
Miss Gander
Dagmar
Mtr.

Can't you let me look
around in Root's apart-
ment for a little while?
Please? I'm
desperate.









~ to be continued ~

He's...

Douche Bag DUGAN

WITH SPECIAL GUEST NARRATOR: "PORK PIE"

AT HE OH MY... I SNEEL AN AROMA THAT CAN MEAN JUST ONE THING! SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE IS COOKING UP A MESS O' PORK PIES!

HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

HUMPH!!

WHAT A LAME CARTOON CHARACTER! HE EATS 'PORKPIES', AND WEARS A 'PORKPIE' HAT.

I'M IN PURSUIT OF SOME PORK PIES, SON!

NO YOU'RE NOT! YOU'RE ON RIGHT NOW TO NARRATE MY 'DOUCHE BAG DUGAN' STRIP!

SO WHAT? SHALL I WONDER HE DOESN'T HAVE HIS OWN SERIES? HE'S STUCK DOING VOICE-OVERS FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S COMICS.

B-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

I'D DO MY OWN NARRATION, BUT I'VE GOT TO WRITE AND DRAW THIS ALREADY.

SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, IS IT? WELL, I'M OFFICIALLY ON HUNGER STRIKE 'TIL I TASTE ME A 'PORK PIE'!

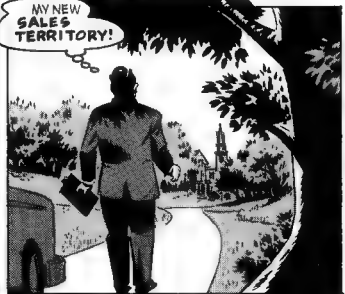
YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU SIGNED A CONTRACT!

I WISH I COULD ADD SOME CLASS TO THE PROCEEDINGS AND HIRE JAMES EARL TONES, OR DONALD SUTHERLAND; BUT THIS IS A COMIC, NOT A CAR AD.

SO I'VE GOT 'PORK PIE', AND I'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING FAST, 'CAUSE THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

"PERCYVILLE, NY, ONE OF OUR COUNTRY'S GREAT SMALL TOWNS! BUILT ON THE PRIDE, SWEAT AND INDUSTRY OF ITS STRAIGHT-FORWARD AND EARTHBOUND RESIDENTS; IT REPRESENTS NOTHING LESS THAN AN AMERICAN DREAM! ONE OF MANY WHICH DOT OUR NATION! AND BECAUSE THE COUNTRY WE LOVE RESTS UPON THE SHOULDERS OF TOWNS SUCH AS THIS: WE CALL THIS AMERICA!"

"BUT TODAY ON THE EDGE OF TOWN THERE APPEARS A STRANGER, WHOSE SPIRIT AND TENACITY MATCHES THAT OF THE PIONEERS WHO LONG AGO, THROUGH THEIR BRAVRY AND NIGHT, CREATED THIS HAMLET, CHEATING NATURE HERSELF OUT OF ITS SURROUNDING TIMBERS, AND TO 'DOUCHE BAG DUGAN' PERCYVILLE IS SIMPLY..."



I'VE HAD ENOUGH TIME T' SUSS THINGS OUT HERE. I'M BEST OFF GETTIN' DOWN T' BUSINESS WITH MY FIRST GOLD CALL...

...THE PERCYVILLE PHARMACY!

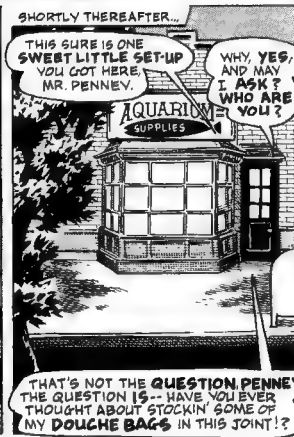
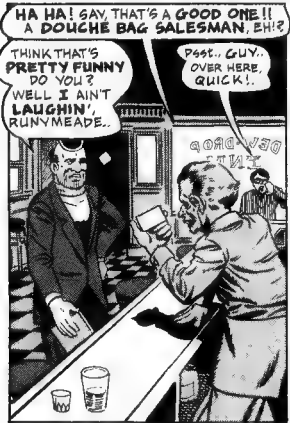
BUT...

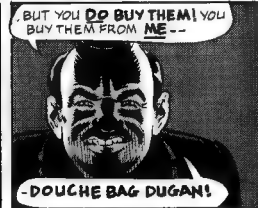
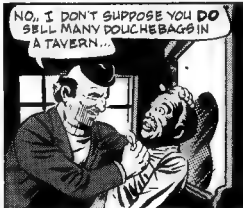
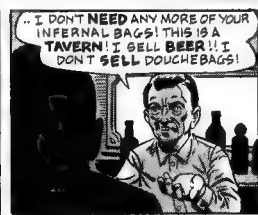
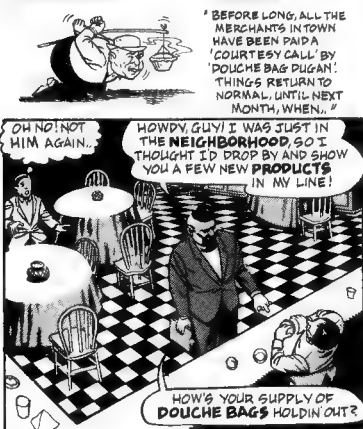
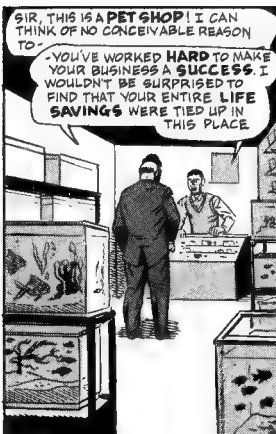
IT'S NO REFLECTION ON YOU OR YOUR FINE PRODUCT, MR. DUGAN, BUT YOU SEE, WE'RE SATISFIED WITH OUR PRESENT SUPPLIER! YES, PHIL PEMBROKE HAS BEEN KEEPING US STOCKED WITH DOUCHE BAG'S FOR-

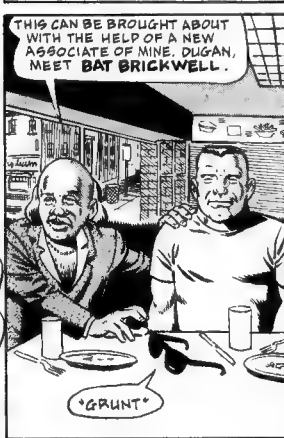
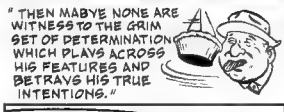
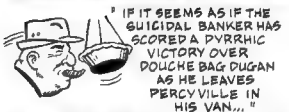
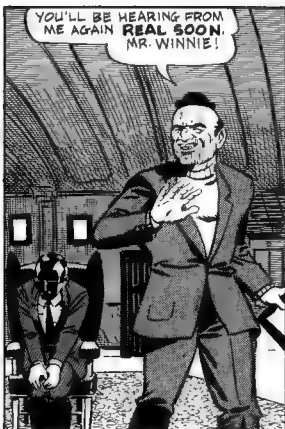
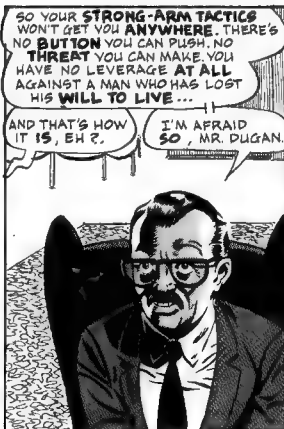
--PEMBROKE YOU SAY... I'LL BE BACK, MR. TUSSEY.

WHY, SURE, THAT'S PHIL PEMBROKE OVER THERE, STRANGER. YOU A FRIEND OF HIS?

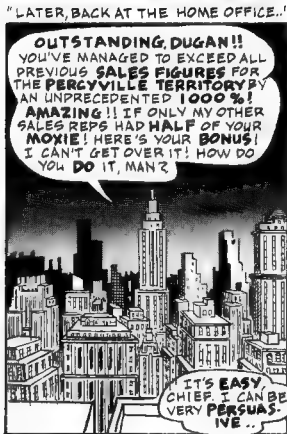
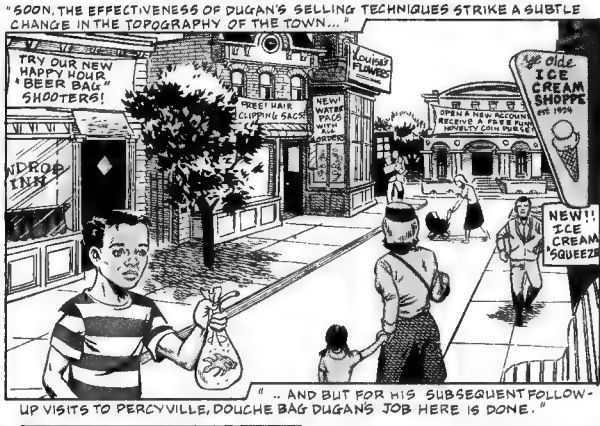
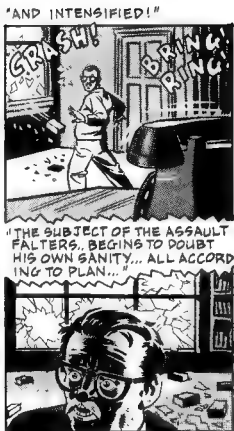
NO!







"THE FOLLOWING EVENING IN PERCYVILLE FINDS THE TEAM IN PLACE AND READY FOR ACTION! THE FIRST SALVO ARRIVES AT MR. WINNIE'S DOOR-STEP SHORTLY BEFORE NIGHTFALL."



THE AIR-CONDITIONING MAN



SUE WAS IN TH' YARD AND SHE HADA SNAKE BY TH' TAIL.

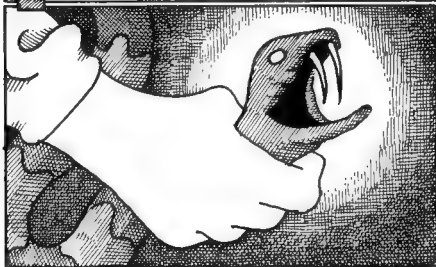


SAW THAT FLAT HEAD AND TH' EYES ON THE SIDE ...



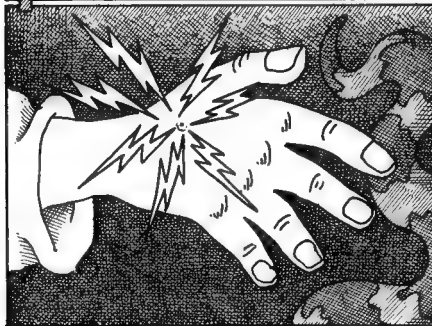
I KNEW IT WAS A COPPERHEAD!

LIKE I WAS SOME KINDA SNAKE EXPERT,
I GRABBED IT BEHIND ITS HEAD...

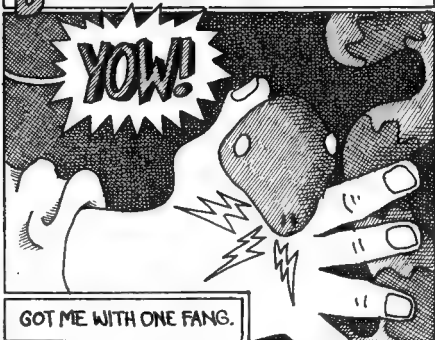


I INTENDED TO HAUL THAT SNAKE
INTO THE WOODS AND LET IT GO.

IT WAS LIKE A PIN-PRICK ... IN AND
OUT REAL FAST.



BUT THE SNAKE HAD ANOTHER IDEA. IT
UNHINGED ITS JAW, TURNED AND BIT ME.



GOT ME WITH ONE FANG.

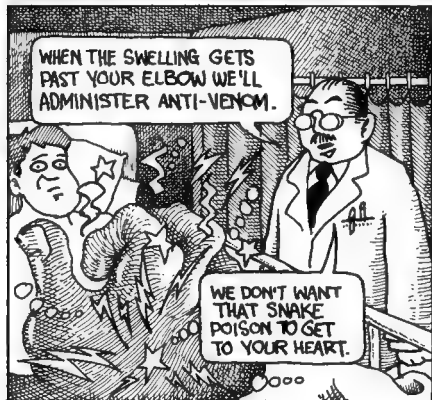
WHEN I GOT TO THE EMERGENCY ROOM
I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO TAKE A NUMBER.



I WAS ESCORTED RIGHT ON IN AND
HOOKED UP TO AN I.V..

WHEN THE SWELLING GETS
PAST YOUR ELBOW WE'LL
ADMINISTER ANTI-VENOM.

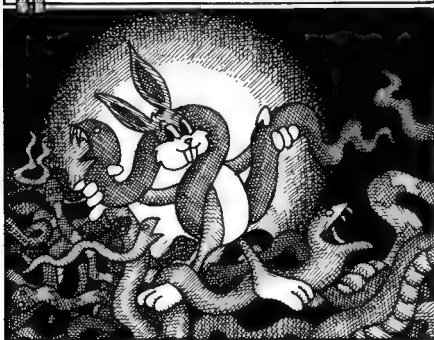
WE DON'T WANT
THAT SNAKE
POISON TO GET
TO YOUR HEART.



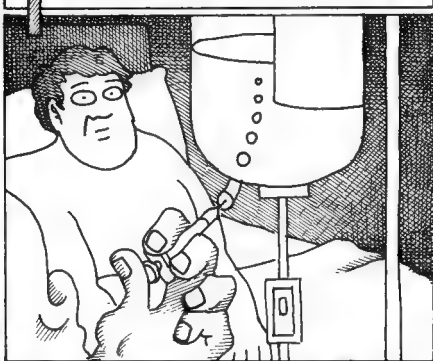
ANTI-VENOM IS MADE FROM RABBIT BRAINS.



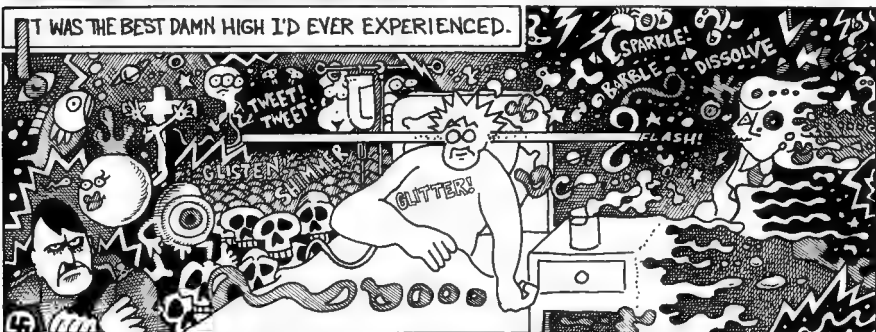
RABBITS HAVE AN ENZYME THAT MAKES THEM IMMUNE TO SNAKE BITE.



THEY INJECTED THE ANTI-VENOM INTO MY I.V.



IT WAS THE BEST DAMN HIGH I'D EVER EXPERIENCED.



I HAD A FINE TIME WATCHING THE EMERGENCY ROOM FLUORESCENT LIGHTS CHANGE COLOR AND SHAPE FOR FOUR HOURS.

AND I DIDN'T HAVE TO
PAY FOR ANYTHING EX-
CEPT FOR THE I.V. AND
THE ANTI-VENOM.



WAS THE FIELD-TRIP OF THE DAY FOR
THE HOSPITALS INTERNS.

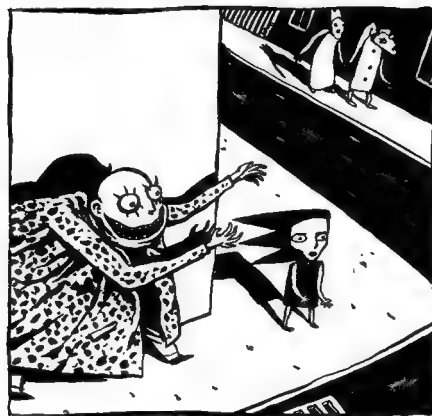
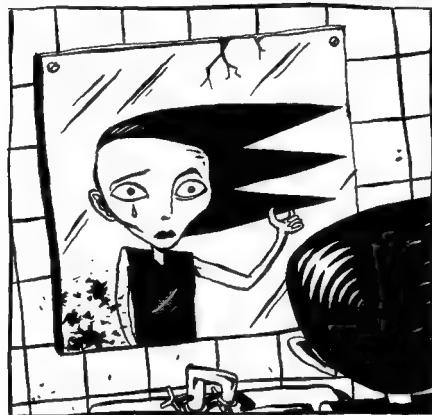
HE'S ONLY
THE SECOND
SNAKE BITE
WE'VE HAD
THIS YEAR.

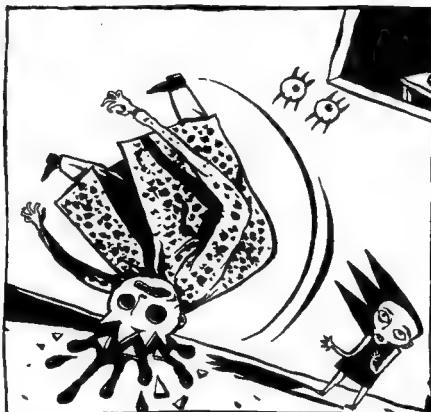


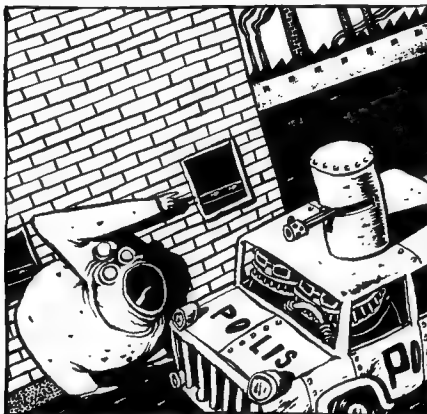
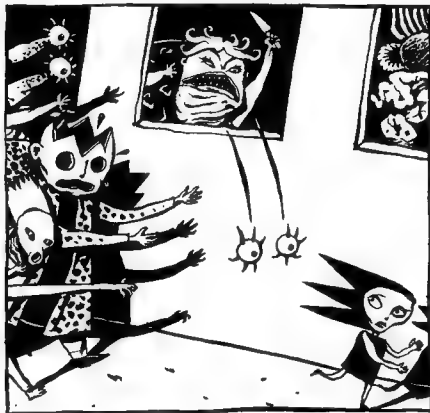
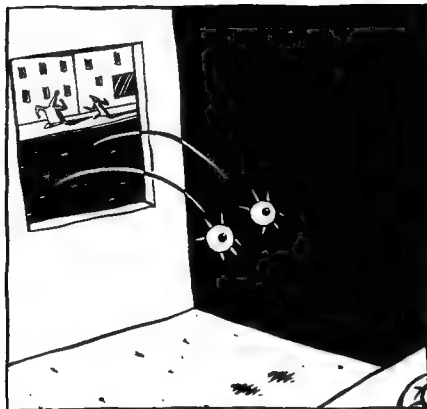
LOLITA'S

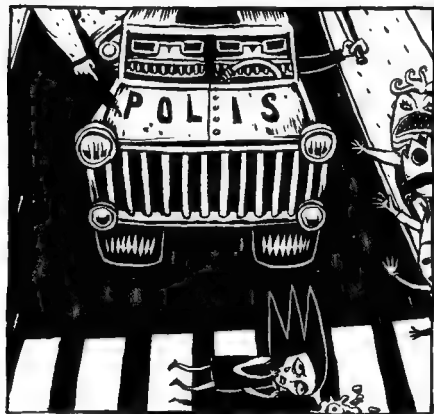
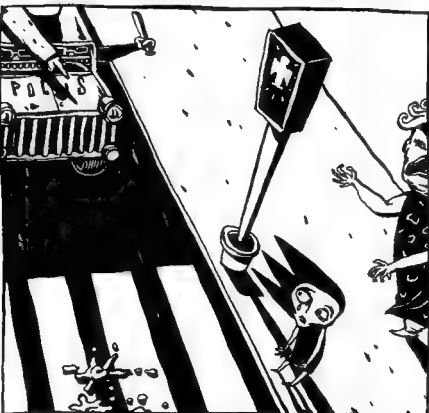
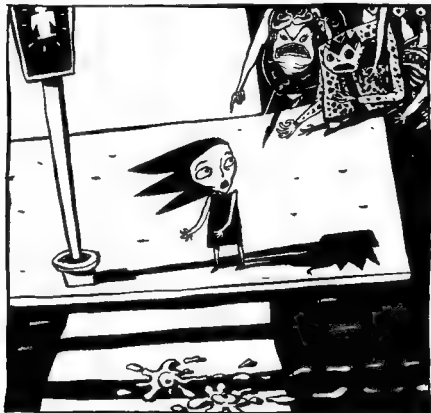
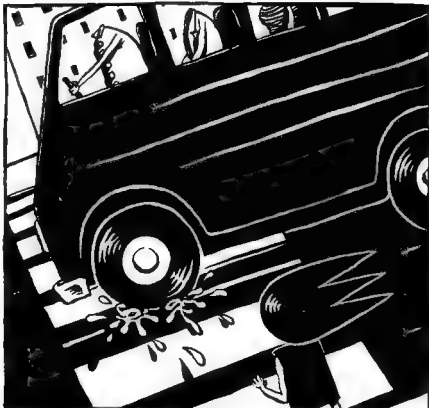
ADVENTURES

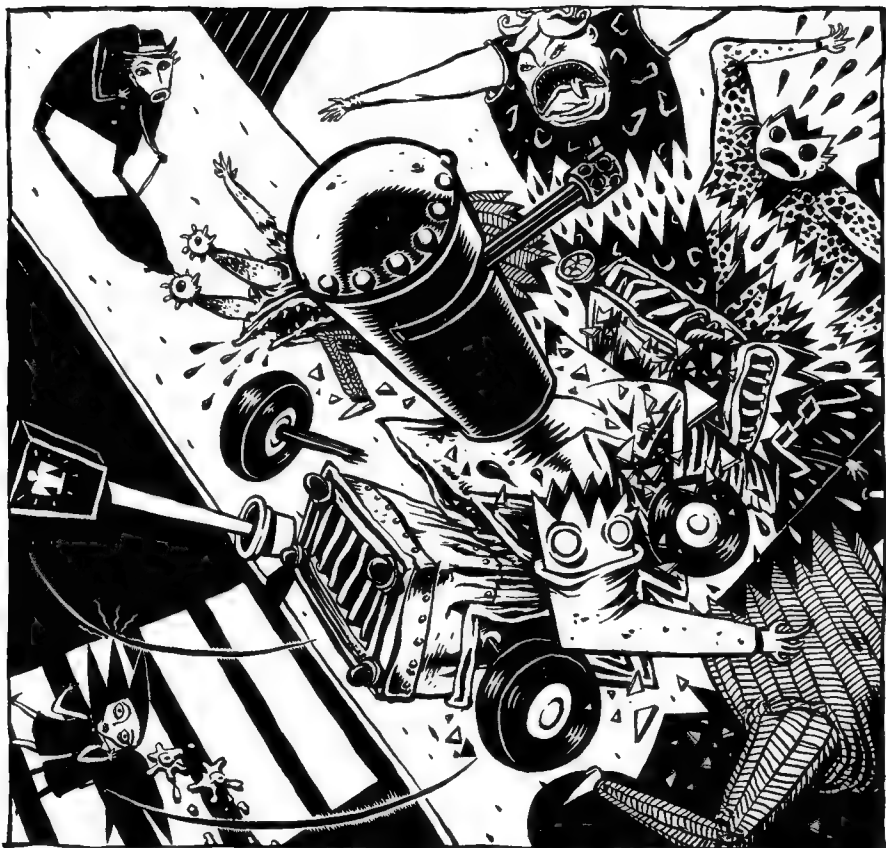












SPACE IN YOUR FACE



BOARD THE TRANSCONTINENTAL...

SO TELL ME: WHERE ON EARTH DO YOU THINK THE MOST ROCKET LAUNCHES HAVE BEEN?



THREE STRANGERS AT A TABLE IN THE DINING CAR: ONE TRIES TO EKE OUT A LIVING DRAWING PICTURES; ANOTHER WORKS FOR A SPACE PORT; AND THE THIRD GOES TO UNIVERSITY AND STUDIES GEOLOGY...



TH' J.F.K. CENTER AT CAPE CANAVERAL!

AHH...
AHH...

NO, THAT'D BE LENINSK, KASAKH-
STAN, IN THE FORMER
SOVIET UNION!

WELL I'VE GOT NEWS FOR BOTH OF YOU! THE CORRECT ANSWER IS THE CHURCHILL RESEARCH RANGE IN NORTHERN MANITOBA! IT WAS OPERATED BY NASA CONTINUOUSLY FROM 1957 TO 1989!



YOU DON'T SAY...



I'M PART OF A CONSORTIUM WHO ARE DEVELOPING THE CHURCHILL RANGE SITE FOR USE AS A SATELLITE LAUNCH PAD TO SERVICE THE BURGEONING COMMUNICATIONS SECTOR! --HOWEVER, RAISING MONEY REQUIRES THE AID OF FORWARD-THINKING INDIVIDUALS!

WELL, PHILLIP, IT SOUNDS TO ME THAT YOU ARE EXPERIENCING PEOPLE'S GENERAL FEELINGS OF INDIFFERENCE TOWARDS SPACE, THE SENSE OF "OH WE'VE NOTHING LEFT TO PROVE"...

WHAT'S LACKING IS THE SPIRIT OF COMPETITION--AND I'M NOT JUST TALKING ABOUT THE MONETARY MEASURES EVERYONE'S CONCERNED WITH TODAY!

IT'S NOT EASY...

IF OUR LOVELY DINING COMPANION TONIGHT WILL FORGIVE ME FOR SAYING SO, MAYBE IT'S SOME SORT OF GUY THING... I'M REMINDED OF A POET I KNOW WHO, AT A DRUNKEN PARTY DURING THE 1950'S, HAD A CONTEST WITH A FRIEND--WITH ANOTHER FRIEND'S WIFE ACTING AS JUDGE--TO DETERMINE WHO HAD THE MOST AESTHETICALLY PLEASING BALLS! NO COMPETITION--IN OUR CURRENT "LOSER CULTURE"--IS NOT SO PITCHED, SO INGRAINED...



YES, COMPETITION IS WHAT GOT MAN INTO SPACE IN THE FIRST PLACE...THE UNITED STATES AND THE SOVIET UNION WERE NOT JUST CONTENT TO COMPARE EACH OTHER'S BALLS IN THE POST-WAR PERIOD, HOWEVER; AFTER THE SOVIETS PUT "SPUTNIK" INTO ORBIT IN OCTOBER, 1957, CONCERN OVER THRUST, AS IN, WHAT COUNTRY HAS THE MOST ROCKET THRUST? BECAME PARADOX, AS EVEN THE MEN SELECTED TO BE AMERICA'S FIRST GROUP OF ASTRONAUTS ADMITTED TO THE PRESS EARLY ON...



WHO WANTS TO BE STUCK WITH SECOND-RATE THRUSTING POWER? -NOT BARBECUE BOB IN THAT OLD BLUES TUNE, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!



THE LAUNCHING OF "SPUTNIK" USHERED IN A PAINFUL, SEARCHING SESSION OF NATIONAL SELF-EXAMINATION ACROSS THE U.S. MAYBE TIGHT TOTALITARIAN CONTROL WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA AFTER ALL, SOME AMERICANS MUSED...ACCUSING FINGERS WERE POINTED AT EVERYTHING FROM THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM TO THE AMOUNT OF TIME EISENHOWER SPENT GOLFING!



BY THE TIME YURI GAGARIN BECAME THE FIRST MAN IN SPACE WITH HIS ORBITAL FLIGHT OF APRIL, 1961, THE AMERICAN PUBLIC WAS IN A FRENZIED STATE! IN ORDER TO CALM THINGS DOWN, J.F.K. MADE WHAT IS PERHAPS HIS BEST-REMEMBERED SPEECH:



Y'KNOW, THE SPACE PROGRAM WAS AN EXCELLENT ELECTION ISSUE FOR KENNEDY - WHO AT BEST WAS ONLY HALF-INTERESTED - IN 1960, BUT BY 1963, NASA'S BUDGET HAD BEEN CUT! J.F.K. WAS IN HOUSTON ON NOVEMBER 21ST, MENDING POLITICAL FENCES OVER THIS; THE NEXT DAY HE WENT TO DALLAS... 'S FUNNY, BUT IF LYNDON JOHNSON - A TOTALLY GONE SPACE NUT - HADN'T BECOME PRESIDENT THEN THE WHOLE THING MIGHTN'T HAPPENED!



WELL YES, GETTING CONSISTENT, ADEQUATE FUNDING CAN BE TRICKY - AT CHURCHILL'S SPACE WE'VE HAD TO -

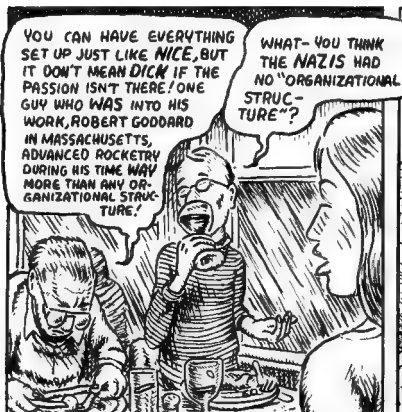
LISTEN, MY ADVICE TO YOU IS TO JUST RELAX AN' GO WITH THE FLOW...EVERY TREE'S GOTTA START OFF AS A SMALL ACORN SOMETIME! JUST LOOK AT NASA: ORIGINALLY IT WAS N.A.C.A - THE



N.A.C.A. HAD ITS RESEARCH HEADQUARTERS AT A FACILITY NAMED LANGLEY, WHICH WAS LOCATED IN THE RURAL BACKWATERS OF HAMPTON, VIRGINIA. UPON THEIR ARRIVAL, BRIGHT YOUNG SCIENTISTS—OR "NAKKA NUTS," AS THE LOCALS CALLED THEM—HAD TO ADAPT TO A S-L-O-O-W PACE OF LIFE!



FOR 40 YEARS, AERONAUTIC RESEARCH WAS DONE AT A CAREFUL, MEASURED RATE. AT LANGLEY, THE DAILY ROUTINE **NEVER** CHANGED. A WAY OF LIFE RECOGNIZABLE TO ANYONE WHO EVER HAS SPENT TIME WORKING FOR A GOVERNMENT OR BUREAUCRACY; YOU WENT IN, DID YOUR JOB, AND WENT HOME AT NIGHT! IT WAS THE SORT OF PLACE WHERE, IF YOU STAYED LATE AT WORK—EVEN IF IT WAS ONLY UNTIL SIX O'CLOCK—YOU'D FIND YOURSELF LOCKED INSIDE THE BUILDING...



WELL, GODDARD'S WORK WAS VIRTUALLY IGNORED DURING HIS LIFETIME IN HIS OWN COUNTRY, BUT YEAH, THE GERMANS SURE WERE PAYING ATTENTION! AFTER WORLD WAR TWO, WERNER VON BRAUN AND OTHER SCIENTISTS WHO TERRIFIED LONDON WITH THE V-2 ROCKET WERE BROUGHT BY THE GOVERNMENT TO NEW MEXICO, WHERE THEY EXPERIMENTED UNTIL 1950, WHEN, UNFORTUNATELY, A V-2 WAS PUT INTO A CEMETERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF JUAREZ!



SO THE ROCKET LAUNCHES WERE MOVED TO THE PRESENT LOCATION OFF OF FLORIDA'S SEACOAST... IT WAS STARTING TO COME TOGETHER: APRÈS SPUTNIK, O.C.N.A.C.A. BECAME THE NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION; OPERATIONS' MOVE TO HOUSTON RESULTED IN MOST OF THE "DEAD WOOD" BEING LEFT BEHIND AT LANGLEY... BUT STILL, IN RETROSPECT IT SEEMS AMAZING—THOSE EARLY ASTRONAUTS MUST'VE HAD A LOT OF FAITH, CLIMBING INTO THOSE DINKY MERCURY CAPSULES 'WAY ON TOP OF SKINNY REDSTONE ROCKETS... THE GUYS ON THE GROUND DIDN'T EVEN HAVE COMPUTER SCREENS; THEY LOOKED AT DIALS, TWISTED KNOBS!



THE SLOW, CAUTIOUS TESTING METHODS OF LANGLEY WERE GONE, REPLACED BY A NEW "ALL-UP" SYSTEM, WHEREBY INDIVIDUAL COMPONENTS WERE ONLY TESTED AS THEY WERE INVENTED, AND ASSUMED TO WORK FINE WHEN INTEGRATED INTO THE LARGER WHOLE! THE FACT THAT THIS STREAMLINED DEVELOPMENT PROCESS WORKED—MAN WAS ON THE MOON 169 DAYS BEFORE PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S DEADLINE—WAS MODESTLY CELEBRATED BY THE ENGINEERS WHO LABORED UNDER IT: BY 1969 THEY WERE ABSORBED IN SPACE SHUTTLE WORK!

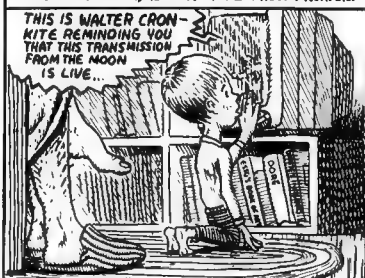


YOU HEAR A LOT ABOUT VISIONARY HIPPIES, ABOUT '60S IDEALISM... WITH THE SPACE PROGRAM, EVEN THE SQUARES WERE DOIN' THEIR THING, GIVING EVERYTHING OF THEMSELVES, NOT FOR THE MONEY, NOT TO GET ON SOME FAST PROMOTION TRACK, BUT BECAUSE THEY WERE MOVED BY A MIND-BLOWING IDEA AND THEY WANTED TO SEE IF THEY COULD PULL IT OFF!!



I, ALONG WITH EVERYONE I KNEW, WOULD GET UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT TO WATCH THESE APOLLO MISSIONS ON T.V., BUT AT THE SAME TIME, DISSENT WAS BREWING... NASA COULDN'T DEFEND ITSELF VERY WELL WHEN FACED WITH CRITICISM QUESTIONING THE PURPOSE OF IT ALL, OTHER THAN TO POINT TO THE NEW CONSUMER GOODS AVAILABLE THANKS TO SPACE PROGRAM RESEARCH; ALL THOSE FIRE-PROOF PJAMAS!

THIS IS WALTER CROM-KITE REMINDING YOU THAT THIS TRANSMISSION FROM THE MOON IS LIVE...



WHO KNOWS WHY PEOPLE LOST THEIR SENSE OF AWE. WHAT TURNED THE PUBLIC OFF SPACE SO QUICKLY? WAS IT THE DIRTY TROUSERS THAT MEN ON THE MOON ALWAYS HAD ON?



ALL OF WHICH IS FINE AND DANDY IN THE LONG RUN; A SCALED-DOWN NASA ALLOWS FOR GROWTH IN THE PRIVATE SECTOR! AT THE SPACE PORT, WE'LL BE LOOKING AT OUR FIRST LAUNCH THIS SUMMER! THE BEST IS YET TO COME!!

...IT WAS THEM EDITORIALS, ALL THEM NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS THAT BEGAN WITH, "IF THEY CAN PUT A MAN ON THE MOON, WHY CAN'T THEY?" THAT'S WHAT DID THE WHOLE THING IN!



NASA HIRED PEOPLE LIKE IT WAS AN ARMY GOING TO WAR! WHEN THE SPACE RACE DIED DOWN, PEOPLE BECAME MORE INTERESTED IN HOLDING ON TO THEIR JOBS THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

APOLLO 17, THE ONLY NIGHT LAUNCH, DID IT FOR ME--THOSE WERE TIMES OF DERRING-OO ALRIGHT! AFTER EACH MISSION, THE NUMBER OF HIJACKINGS WORLD-WIDE WOULD GO UP, SO PUMPED WERE PEOPLE ON THE RISK-TAKING!

AW NAN-- YOU GUYS ARE BOTH WRONG!

AT LEAST A LOT OF COOL MEMORIES LIKE APOLLO 13 WERE LEFT BEHIND!



THE MOST POIGNANT MOMENT IN SPACE OCCURRED ON XMAS EVE, 1968, WHEN THE APOLLO 8 CREW--THE FIRST ONES TO SEE THE WHOLE EARTH, THE FIRST ONES TO ORBIT THE MOON--PULLED OUT A BIBLE AND TOOK TURNS READING FROM GENESIS, Y'KNOW: "IN THE BEGINNING GOD CREATED HEAVEN AND THE EARTH..." IT WAS A BIG DEAL, THESE GUYS GOING AWAY FROM EARTH... COMMANDER FRANK BORMAN READ THE FINAL VERSES:

"AND GOD SAID, LET THE WATERS UNDER HEAVEN BE GATHERED TOGETHER UNDER ONE PLACE, AND LET THE DRY LAND APPEAR, AND IT WAS SO.

"AND GOD CALLED THE DRY LAND EARTH, AND THE GATHERING TOGETHER OF THE WATERS HE CALLED SEAS, AND GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD."



WHAT A HEROIC PERFORMANCE, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU CONSIDER COMMANDER BORMAN WAS VOMITING AND SUFFERING FROM DIARRHEA THROUGH MUCH OF THE TRIP... IT WAS A MOMENT OF CLASSIC SPACE PROGRAM SHMALTZ!

...FROM THE CREW OF APOLLO 8, WE CLOSE WITH GOODNIGHT, GOOD LUCK, A MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND GOD BLESS ALL OF YOU ON THE GOOD EARTH!

PLEASE BE INFORMED THAT THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!



the end

GET READY, WIMPS-FER TH'...

RECKON HUNT!



A HI-OCTANE
BY GLENN HEAD
CARTOON CAPER!



IN THE TOXIC
SWAMPS OF
RADIAC,
BROOKLYN;
TWO
FEATHERED
FIENDS
DISCUSS
DANGER!



HUNTIN' SEASON
OPENS T'DAY,
ROZWELL!

RIGHT,
RAOUL!

RADIAC

-IF THEM GUYS
HAVE THEIR WAY
WE'LL BE STUFFED
'N' MOUNTED IN
NO TIME!

NOT IF I GOT
SOMETHIN' A
SAY ABAT IT!
PAL!

AT THE LOCAL AMMO-DUMP...

THOSE RADIO-ACTIVE
REPTILE/BIRDS 'AVE BEEN
REEKIN' MAVOC ON OUR FINE
COMMUNITY....JAY WALKIN',
PUBLIC DRUNKENNESS,
TRIPPIN' OL' LADIES.

LESSSS
GEET
EH!

...FER TH' SAFETY OF
OUR KIDS? FER TH' LOVE OF
OUR MOMMAS? 'N' MAINLY...

...FER A TASTE
A THEIR
YUMMY
RATTLEDUCK
FLESH!

-SO THOSE
YOKELS'RE
EXPECTIN' A
TURKEY
SHOOT, EH?

WE'LL
SEE 'BOUT
THAT!



TH' RATTLEDUCK SWAMP WAS FENCED OFF WITH RAZOR-SHARP BARBED WIRE....

AND TH' LOCAL CITIZENRY WAS ARMED T'TH' TEETH, AND ON THEIR WAY — READY T' KICK ASS!



WHERE, INSIDE: ROZWELL WAS REVVING UP A SURPRISE ATTACK!

AT THAT MOMENT ROZWELL SPED TOWARDS THEM, HIS AUTO-FEED BAZOOKA READY T' RIP!

NIGHT FALLS

.....OKAY GUYS, NOW EVEN THOUGH THEM RATTLEDUCKS ARE EVILER, NASTIER, AND SINISTER THAN US, WE'RE GONNA TRIUMPH! — KNOW WHY?

CAUSE WE GOT TH' ELEMENT OF...



CLICK

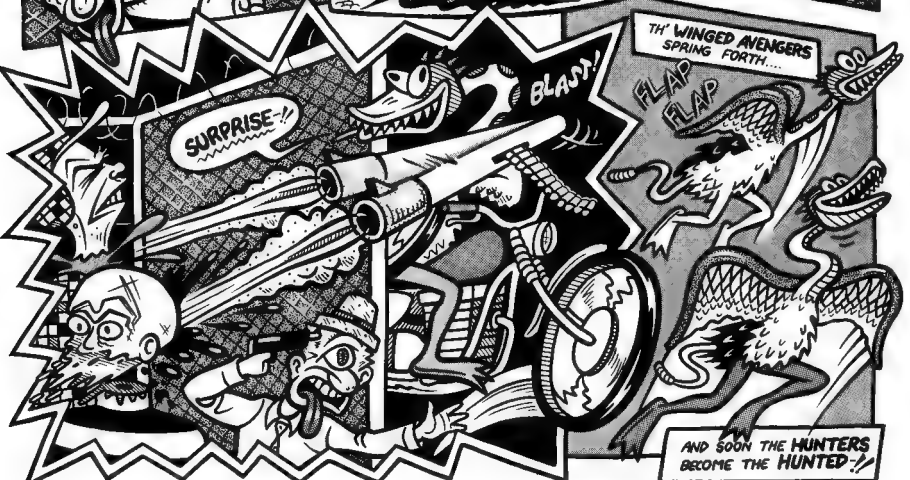
SURPRISE!!

BLAST!!

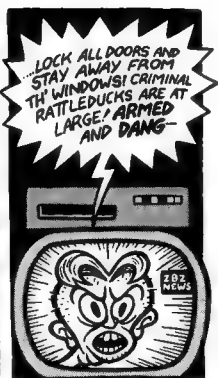
TH' WINGED AVENGERS SPRING FORTH....

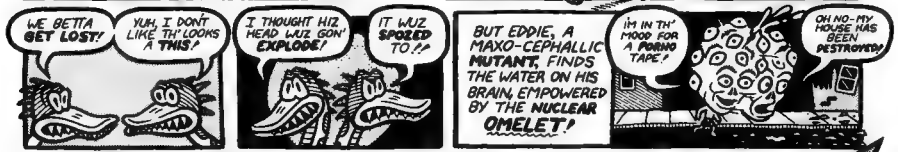
FLAP FLAP

AND SOON THE HUNTERS BECOME THE HUNTED!!

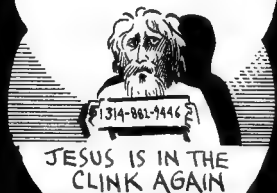


MEANWHILE ON POWERS STREET, ONE OF THE LOCAL MUTANTS WATCHES A PORNO-TAPE, WHILE FEEDING HIS PET RATTLEDUCK!





JESUS ON ICE



JESUS IS IN THE
CLINK AGAIN

BY THAT RASCAL FOOLBERT STURGEON

I DON'T LIKE
IT IN HERE!

HOW COME?
YOU GET THREE
SQUARES,
LAUNDRY AND
CABLE.

YOU CAN'T GO
ANYWHERE.

WHERE D'YA
WANTA GO?
EH, WHAT'RE
YOU IN FOR?

MURDER. I
THINK THEY
SAID.

RIGHT ON!
HOW MANY
DID YOU KILL?

THEY DIDN'T
SAY.

GEE! FANTASKA-
ROOSKY! WHAT
WERE YOU BOOSTED
UP ON?

I DIDN'T
DO IT!

YEAH, YEAH,
RIGHT! TH WALLS
HAVE EARS.

I DID
DO IT!

YOU DID
WHAT?

NO WHISPERING
IN THE CELLS!
YOU GUYS
SPEAK UP!

HEY, JESUS CHRIST!
GETCHER DRAWERS UP!
YOUR MOUTHPIECE IS
HERE TO SEE YOU!

HEY, YOU AIN'T THE
SAME JESUS CHRIST
AS IN SUNDAY
SCHOOL, ARE YOU?



I DON'T WANTA DEFEND THE FRUITCAKE! HE THINKS HE'S THE POPE OR ORAL ROBERTS OR SOMETHING!

THE JUDGE SAYS YOU GOTTA.



SHH. HERE HE IS NOW.

OH, HELLO, MR. CHRIST. HOW'RE YOU DOING.

GIVE US SOME PRIVACY, BOYS

OKAY HAYSOOS, THE STATE SAYS YOU'RE ONE BAD-ASS OUTLAW MOTHERFUCKER. WHAT'S YOUR STORY? MAKE IT QUICK. I'VE GOT PAYING CUSTOMERS WAITING.

I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN, MAN



WHAT AM I SAYING? I SOUND GUILTY.

GIMME A BREAK, YOU DUMB SPIC. THE PROSECUTION'S GOT A SHITLOAD OF EVIDENCE NAILING YOUR STOOPID GUILTY ASS. GIMME SOMETHING TO WORK WITH! MAYBE I CAN GET YOU SOMETHING BESIDES THE GAS CHAMBER.



WHAT'RE THE ALTERNATIVES?

MAYBE, IF I CAN GET YOU A CHANGE OF VENUE, LETHAL INJECTION, FIRING SQUAD, HOT SEAT, OR HANGING...



I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO HAVE DONE.

YOU WANTA PLEAD WACKO, THAT'LL BE TEN OR TWELVE YEARS IN THE LOONEY BIN.



MAYBE IT'D FLY. I'VE READ YOUR STATEMENTS AND THEY ARE WEIRD. "RENDER UNTO CAESAR WHAT IS CAESAR'S" DOES THAT MEAN YOU LIKE TO PAY TAXES?



WHAT'S THIS NUTTY SHIT ABOUT MAKING LITTLE CHILDREN SUFFER!

BUT SCREWIEST OF ALL: THE TRUTH WILL MAKE YOU FREE? NOT IN A COURT OF LAW IT WON'T!



DID I SAY THAT?
IT MUST HAVE
BEEN A LONG
TIME AGO... IN
ANOTHER
LANGUAGE.

SURE, SURE!
IT LOSES
SOMETHING
IN
TRANSLATION,
I SUPPOSE

I DON'T NEED THIS
AGGRAVATION!
YOU SHOOT YOUR MOUTH
OFF WITHOUT A LAWYER
PRESENT, AND THEN YOU
CLAIM YOU WERE MISQUOTED!

YOU LOONEY
FRUITCAKE
ASSHOLE!

I'M PLEADING INNOCENT!
WHAT DO THEY SAY
I DID?



YOU MURDERED ABOUT
FORTY PEOPLE IN FRONT
OF WITNESSES! WHAT DID
YOU DO WITH THE BODIES?

WASN'T ME!

IT'S ALL ON VIDEOTAPE! THE
MURDER WEAPON WAS FOUND
IN YOUR DESK DRAWER WITH
YOUR FINGERPRINTS ALL
OVER IT!

I DON'T
LIKE
BEING
VIDEO-
TAPED.

IF YOU
PLEAD
INNOCENT
I'LL LOOK
LIKE A
FOOL!

BESIDES, YOU CONFESSED
TO LT. GEKKO... AND THAT
WAS ON TAPE TOO!
WANT OFF THIS CASE!

NOPE,
NOT ME

NOT ME
!!!

I HATE
CAMERAS!

THE BEST WE CAN HOPE FOR IS
THAT THEY WON'T SEEK THE
DEATH PENALTY!

WHAT WILL THEY
GO FOR?

LIFE WITHOUT
PAROLE'S PROBABLY
THE BEST BET!

THAT'D BE TERRIBLE!
I'M IMMORTAL! I'D
NEVER GET OUT.

HIT THE ROAD,
GLOOM MERCHANT!
REAL LAWYERS ARE TAKING
OVER! WE'RE GONNA GET OFF
SCOT-FREE, JESUS, BABE.

BOAT!

THAT SUCKER COULDN'T SPOT
A GOLD MINE WITH IT BITING
HIM ON THE ASS!

I DIDN'T
CONFESS ON
VIDEOTAPE!



I DON'T
CARE

WE WON'T ARGUE THAT YOU
AREN'T GUILTY. WE'LL JUST
NITPICK FOR ABOUT 3 YEARS
AND SHOW THE STATE'S
WITNESSES UP FOR
NO-CLASS WORKING
STIFF ASS HOLES.



THE JURY'LL GET
A CRAWFUL OF
THE BULLSHIT,
OO STIR-CRAZY
AND WE'LL GET
A MISTRIAL!

YOU JUST KEEP
YOUR MOUTH
JUST AND LET
ME DO ALL THE
TALKING!

IT MAY SEEM
LIKE AN ASS-
PAIN NOW, BUT
WE'RE GONNA
HAVE FUN.



YOU NEED
SOME COOL
THREADS, A
HAIR CUT.

OH, AND BY
ALL MEANS
WEAR
THE HALO!

YOUR FANS
EXPECT IT!

BUT...
THAT'S NOT
WHAT I'M
ALL
ABOUT
!!!

YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT
ABOUT THAT BEFORE YOU
KILLED ALL THOSE PEOPLE!
GET ON THE PHONE AND GET
THAT HALO DELIVERED. LOVE YA,
SEE YOU IN COURT.

BACK IN
THE CELL



I USED TO READ A
LOTTA COMIC BOOKS,
Y'KNOW, X-MEN,
DARK NIGHT 'N SHIT,
TILL MY CHAPLAIN
TOLE ME THE ONLY
REAL SUPER-HERO
WAS JESUS CHRIST.
THAT'S YOU?



SO! WHAT ARE
YER SUPER POWERS?

OH, THE USUAL, HEALING
THE BLIND, FEEDING
MULTITUDES... HEY, I
GUESS THEY ARE MORE
OR LESS UNLIMITED!

NEATO!



WHY
DON'TCHA
BUST OUT
OF HERE?

I'M SO LAW ABIDING
I NEVER CONSIDERED
IT. I NEVER BREAK
THE LAW, UNLESS IT
DESERVES IT.



PACKAGE
FOR MR.
CHRIST!

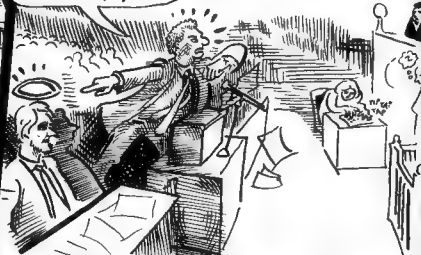
WE X-RAYED
IT... AND
STOMPED ON
IT!!!



IN COURT

I OBJECT TO THE
DEFENDANT'S GETTING
TO WEAR THAT!

OVER RULED! YOU
CAN WEAR ONE TOO
IF YOU LIKE.

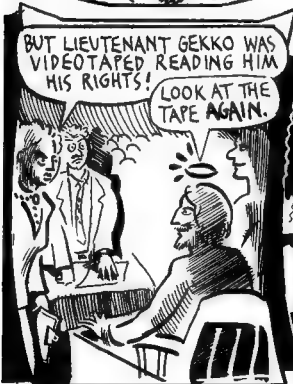
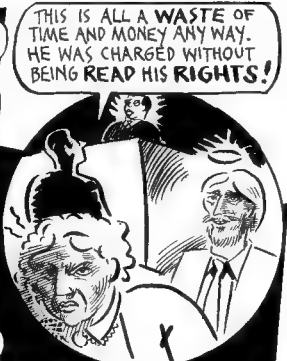
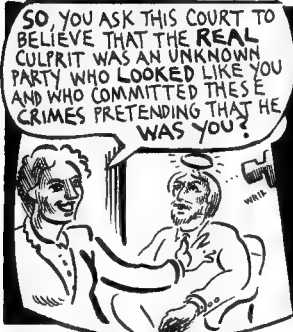


THE TRIAL DRAGS ON FOR MONTHS...

AND YEARS...



JESUS FINALLY TAKES THE WITNESS STAND

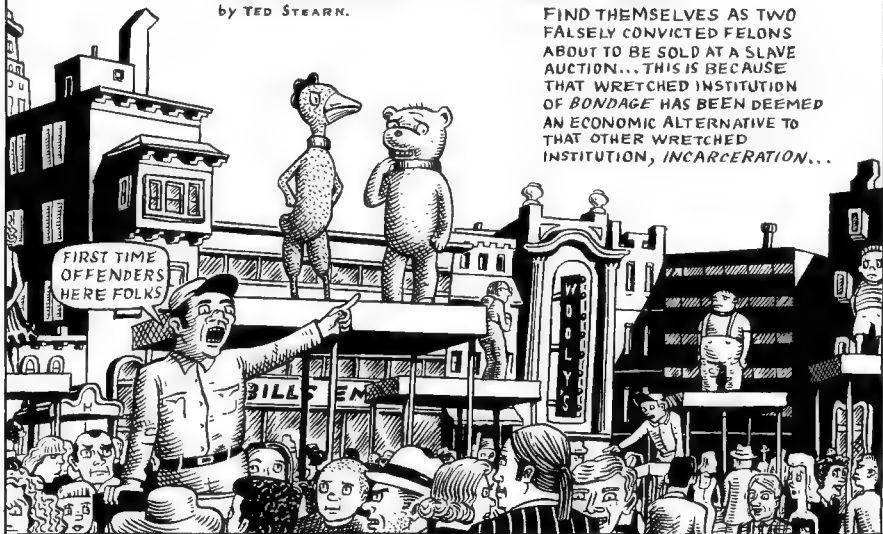


THE END

FUZZ AND PLUCK

by TED STEARN.

FIND THEMSELVES AS TWO FALSELY CONVICTED FELONS ABOUT TO BE SOLD AT A SLAVE AUCTION... THIS IS BECAUSE THAT WRETCHED INSTITUTION OF BONDAGE HAS BEEN DEEMED AN ECONOMIC ALTERNATIVE TO THAT OTHER WRETCHED INSTITUTION, INCARCERATION...



MUST WE BUY CONVICTS AGAIN? THE LAST TWO WERE COMPLETE BRUTES

THEY ARE THE CHEAPEST LABOR BY FAR, DEAR



HMPH! THEY ARE DANGEROUS AND UNRELIABLE

THERE IS REALLY NOTHING TO FEAR, DARLING... ALL CONVICTS MUST WEAR KRYPTONITE COLLARS WHICH BRAND THEM AS SLAVES UNTIL THEIR SENTENCE IS TERMINATED. THE COLLARS CAN ONLY BE REMOVED BY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES



I KNOW BUT...

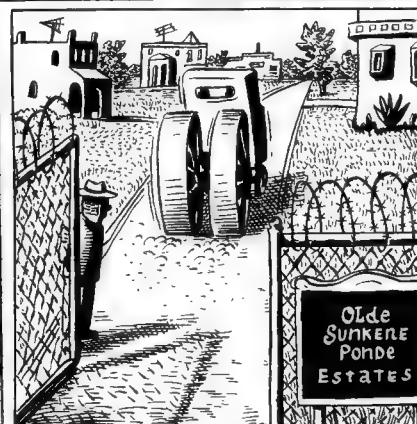
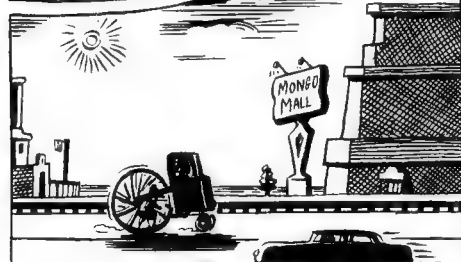
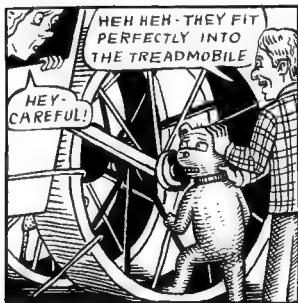


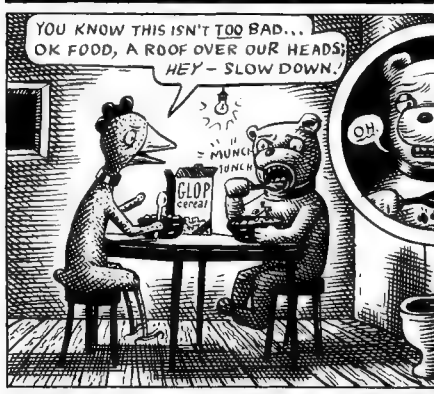
WHAT? YOU DON'T MEAN THAT CHICKEN AND... AND THAT BEAR?




OH SWEETIE POOKUMS! WE MUST BUY THOSE TWO!

THEY WILL BE PERFECT







...AND EVER SINCE, I
HAVE BEEN MEANING
TO BEAUTIFY THE
GROUNDS

NOW I WANT A REALLY SUPER
SPECIAL LOOK, YOU KNOW? ARTISTIC
HIGH QUALITY LANDSCAPING!

THESE HEDGES MUST BE
TRIMMED. THEY ARE TOO
HIGH. I CAN'T SEE A THING!

THERE ARE TOO
MANY DAFFODILLS
HERE...

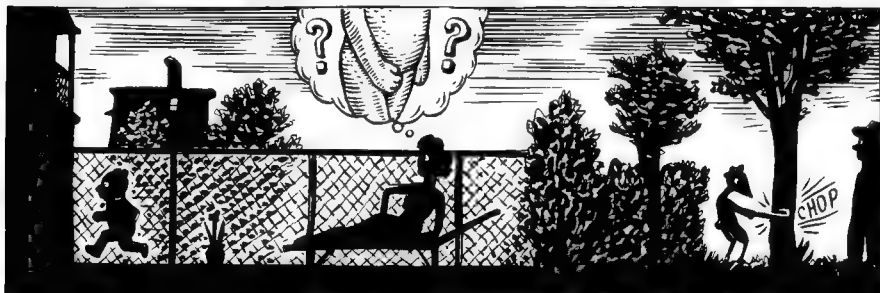
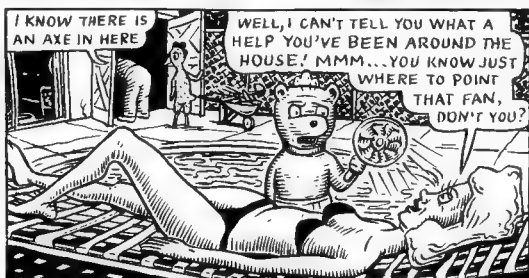
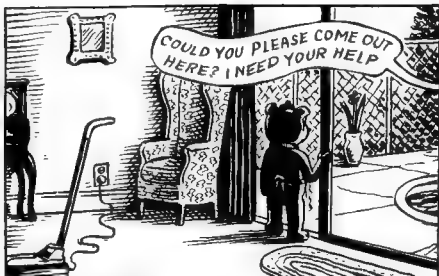
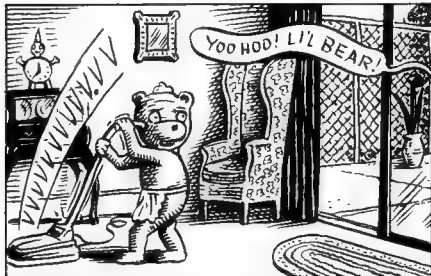
I WANT THE CAZEBO
BUILT OVER THERE —
CAN'T YOU JUST PICTURE IT?

UGH! THIS
BIRDBATH
HAS TO GO

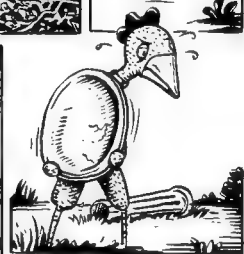
HMM...THESE
TREES NEED TO BE
PRUNED

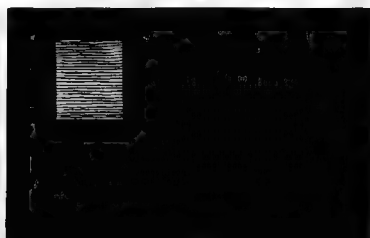
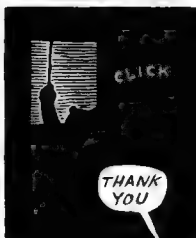
WHAT AN OVERGROWN
JUNGLE! ALL THIS
MUST BE CUT DOWN.
WE ARE NOT WILD
ANIMALS, YOU KNOW

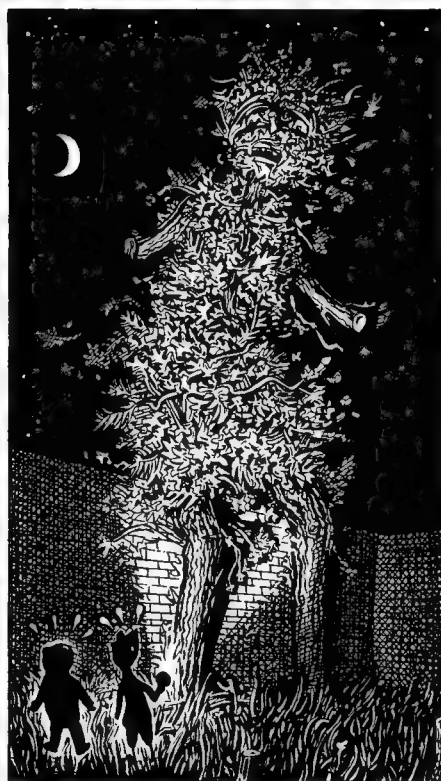
MEAN WHERE
IS THE CROQUET
LAWN GOING TO
GO? WE MUST
CONSIDER
THESE
THINGS



THE NEXT MORNING...







CONTINUED!

zero zero

ZEROCOUNTDOWN...

In addition to biographical notes on **ZERO ZERO** cartoonists, this column includes information on availability of other books, zines, and miscellaneous products by these selfsame cartoonists. An "FB" next to the price means you can order the literature in question from Fantagraphics Books, using the coupon on the inside back cover.

First of all, a fond and grateful 'fare-thee-well' to **ZERO ZERO** art director **Dale Yarger**, who as Senior Art Director for the past six years has contributed an incalculable amount of skill and spirit to the Fantagraphics line of comics and books, including a half-decade stint on **THE COMICS JOURNAL**, much work on the **LOVE AND ROCKETS** books and comics, and literally too many other projects to name. Dale is departing in order to take the plum job of art director for Seattle's insanely successful (and highly comics-symp) weekly freebie **THE STRANGER** (replacing, as it happens, **Jason Lutes**, of **JAR OF FOOLS** fame), and we wish him all the very best: it's a pity he only was able to work on a couple issues of **ZERO ZERO**, but he helped launched the beast (including the 'standard' **ZERO ZERO** logo from the first and third issues, which will continue to pop up at the whim of the individual artists, and the design for this very page).

Replacing Dale is **Jim Blanchard**, an ace designer whose Fantagraphics labors have so far been consigned mostly to Fantagraphics' **EROS** line (as well as the occasional side project, such as Joe Sacco's **PALESTINE** - not to mention his current, Harvey Award-nominated stint as the inker of Peter Bagge's **HATE**). We look forward to working with Jim, a talented cartoonist in his own right, and self-publisher to boot. (For a copy of Jim's catalogue of publications, write to

Beef Eye, P.O. Box 20321, Seattle WA 98102. He's got all sorts of wacky shit for sale.)

Another gentleman who self-publishes is **Skip Williamson**, the eminence grise (along with Jay Lynch) of the midwestern branch of the underground comics movement. Best known for his **SNAPPY SAMMY SMOOT** comics (of which a fine collection, **THE SCUM ALSO RISES**, is available from FB for \$14.95), Skip has recently released a series of comics, including **GAG REFLEX** (a collection of gag cartoons), **NAKED HOSTILITY** (a collection of sketches), and **SMOOT** (the first issue of a **Snappy Sammy** comic which combines old and new material). Write to him at P.O. Box 440427, Kennesaw, GA 30144 and he'll send you a list of available comics.

In fact, while we're on this self-publishers jag, it bears mentioning that this issue's cover tart **Henriette Valium** has also released a series of more or less deranged comics collections (in French and English), as well as a CD (**CEST UN MONSTRE** by Valium et les Dépressifs) and other objects too peculiar to mention. God knows what will



happen if you send a query to **Henriette Valium** at 8392 rue Foucher, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2P 2C1, but you might get something really interesting back!

We're delighted to welcome to these pages Mr. **Rick Altergott**, whose **DOOFUS** (FB/\$2.75), even as mini-comic, attained major cult status before graduating into a full-scale, color-covers-and-all jobbie from (inevitably) Fantagraphics Books. Mr. Altergott, as you may suspect, is a painstaking artisan whose every panel is sweated over (and he also has a day job at SpumCo, the notorious purveyors of the original Ren and Stimpy), which means the second issue of **DOOFUS** will not be seen until earlier next year, but Altergott fans can also find prime examples of his work in the first two issues of **DUPLEX PLANET ILLUSTRATED**. (FB/\$2.75 each)



ZERO ZERO, July 1996. **ZERO ZERO** (ISSN: 1080-5923) is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, and is ©1996 Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are © 1996 their respective writers and artists: Rick Altergott, Max Anderson, David Collier, Glenn Head, Mark Newgardner, Richard Sala, Frank Stack, Ted Stearn, and Skip Williamson. Cover © 1996 Henriette Valium; back cover © 1996 David Sandlin. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in **ZERO ZERO** and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material. Letters to **ZERO ZERO** become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: June, 1996. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way N.E., Seattle, Washington 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA.

NO, THE INFORMATION BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS TODAY MOVES ALONG A ONE-WAY STREET...WHEN THE BOOMERS WERE YOUNG, THE ESTABLISHMENT AT LEAST TRIED TO FIND OUT ABOUT WHAT WAS UP WITH "THE KIDS TODAY" -!

WE HAVE AS GUESTS IN OUR STUDIO TONIGHT TWO "HIPPIES" WITH WHOM WE'LL "RAP" AND ATTEMPT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE GENERATION GAP!



ERRATUM: Last issue, the first panel of the final page of David Collier's story 'View From The Bridge' was rendered nearly illegible because of a printer's glitch. Here is a clean copy of the panel in question, which could (if you were so inclined) be Xeroxed and pasted into place for future readings.

THE FUTURE IS
CLOSER
 THAN YOU THINK

ZERO ZERO #4
 July 1995



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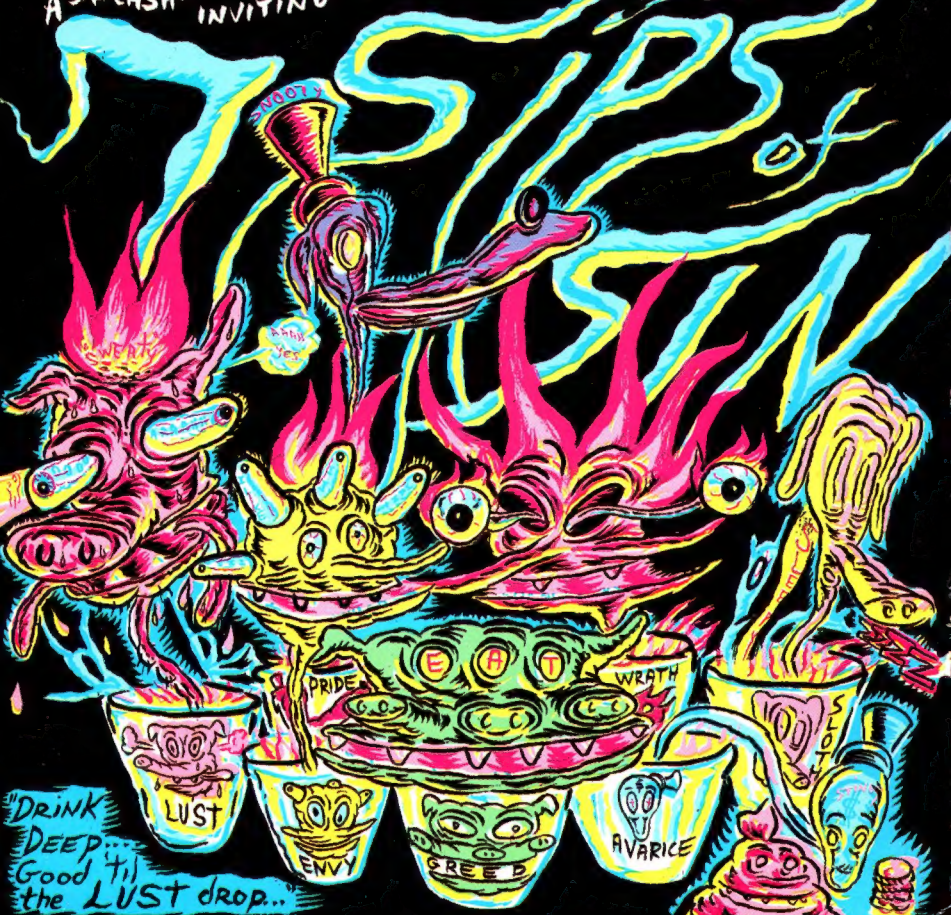
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